

JOHN DOESN'T LIKE WASHING DISHES

The second time the burglars came, they took his stereo, his camera, its lenses, a six pack of Coors, a can of tuna. The first time they'd taken his watch, which he didn't miss, he said. But this time they'd come through the window, the only window with no lock on it. and they'd climbed over the dishes in the sink. The dishes were sprouting mushrooms and they must've smelled, because the burglars piled the dishes in the back yard and hosed them off. "Well," John said, "at least I didn't have to wash those dishes."

A LOGICAL PROCESSION OF TERMS

While Sam and John and I were sitting on the beach we watched bikinis and pelicans go by and talked about Going After Caccioto, Caccioto in particular. And John said, "I started reading that book, but I don't think I want to read a book about someone who comes a thumb's width away from being a crouton." We watched the bikinis and pelicans float by some more and then I asked, "Crouton? Don't you mean cretin?" "No," John said. "Caccioto is definitely a crouton." "But a crouton is a piece of bread," Sam said. "No," John said, "that's a croissant, the kind of breakfast roll that they have in Paris where that crouton Caccioto was headed."